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W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER.—The official forecast for today indicates threatening weather, with showers; warmer; nor'ly breeze.

Perhaps it is premature to say that the Senate of the United States, with the help of the courts, is able to imprison a broker, but not the president of a trust. All we know as yet is that the Senate and the courts have been successful in imprisoning the broker and that they have not yet succeeded in imprisoning the trust president. In ordering the jury to acquit Mr. Henry O. Havemeyer yesterday Justice Bradley did not say in so many words that the laws which governed common people did not apply to the head of a combination capitalized at \$75,000,000. In fact he intimated rather distinctly that it might be possible for a Senate committee to make an order which even Mr. Havemeyer would be obliged to obey. Hence, until the experiment has been fully tried, we cannot say that the spectacle of the head of the Sugar Trust in jail is one that no mortal will ever be permitted to contemplate.

Justice Bradley's ruling is based on the ground that the committee tried to make Mr. Havemeyer do something that it had not told him in its order he would have to do. It had called him as a witness to testify to facts within his own knowledge, and then it asked him to furnish data from his books. It is not alleged that he suffered any substantial injury by this irregularity, but it furnished a technicality that made it possible to hold that he had not automatically refused to answer a question which the committee had the undoubted power to ask.

Before we assume that there are three kinds of law, one for the poor, the second for the well-to-do and the third for the rich—the first being entitled to plain cells, with bread and beans and no extra privileges, the second to private offices in jail, with frogs' legs, champagne and the use of the telephone, and the third to exemption from all legal restraints—the Senate ought to test the value of Justice Bradley's hints to the fullest extent. Let Mr. Havemeyer be summoned to testify again, let his subpoena specify exhaustively the various things he is desired to do, referring especially to the books and papers he is to bring and the information he is to extract from them. Then we shall see whether he obeys that summons or not, and if he disobeys it, how he fares at the hands of the courts.

It is of the utmost importance that this experiment should be fully and fairly tried, so that we may know exactly how much power great wealth gives its possessors to override the laws. We know that the United States Senate is somewhat bigger than Mr. Chapman—now we want to see it squarely measured against Mr. Havemeyer.

THE BOGY OF DELAY.

Republican champions of the Dingley Tariff bill seem to have very completely abandoned the old theory that Congress—either House—is in any degree a deliberative body. Mr. Dingley struck the keynote in his opening speech on the bill weeks ago, when he warned his auditors that with every day of delay in its passage the law would suffer both as a revenue and a protective measure. The domination of the House by the Speaker made Dingley's plea for snap action effective, and the bill went to the Senate without any adequate discussion. The Senate Committee—having a majority of Republicans—finds the bill thus hurriedly advanced utterly wanting in revenue-producing character, and amends it drastically, whereas the confirmed Dingleyites protest again against delay. "This is a case in which time is of the essence of the contract," cries Representative Knox, of Massachusetts. The statesmanlike Mr. Hanna, of Ohio, pathetically points out that delay will not only impede the return of prosperity, but will materially obstruct his own return to the Senate. President McKinley and Speaker Reed, in a burst of brief harmony, are united in urging that the bill be rushed through.

It is noticeable that the Democratic Senators have distinctly disavowed any purpose of obstructing the progress of the bill more than is necessary to express the Democratic position on the issues it involves. The delay so grievously deplored by the Republicans is caused by their own dissension. The House would have the Senate accept its bill in toto lest disastrous delay result; the Senate makes a like appeal to the House.

Beneath all the clamor two purposes are clearly apparent. Each faction hopes to attain its own selfish end by pointing out the perils of deliberation. Whichever crowd wins, the law, with its notorious flaws and jobs, will prove a failure, and then both factions will blandly unite in assuring the country that nothing but malevolent Democratic opposition to its enactment out of hand on May 1 prevented the Dingley law from being the most beneficent piece of fiscal legislation in history.

SNAGS FOR THE NEW TARIFF.

It seems to be the general impression that some sort of Tariff bill will pass the Senate, but by the time Senator Aldrich's speech has been thoroughly digested there may be some cause to change that opinion. On general principles, the Republican party has no right to expect the Senate to enact a partisan tariff. It has no majority in that body. The Democrats had a sufficiently arduous time in passing such a bill when they had a clear preponderance over all other elements, and to try to pass one with a minority would ordinarily be considered a waste of strength. The thing that has made the present case seem likely to prove an exception to the general rule has been the assumed necessity for more revenue to support the Government. The new scheme of protection has been disguised as a revenue bill. But Mr. Aldrich has stripped away that pretence. He has shown that the estimates with which Mr. Dingley introduced his measure to the House were altogether misleading, and that his own bill, as now presented to the Senate, promises financial results so little better than those already attained under the Wilson law that a very small slip might easily make them worse. What, then, is the use of adopting the new tariff at all?

If the proposed customs law were a matter of urgency, without whose prompt passage the Treasury would topple into bankruptcy, the independent Senators with irreconcilable local interests might be induced to sacrifice them on patriotic grounds, but now that Mr. Aldrich has admitted that the Treasury has substantially nothing more to hope from the new tariff than from the old one, there is no reason why any statesman should consent to give up anything to which he thinks his constituents are entitled. And that forebodes trouble for a measure whose pledged supporters are a minority of the Senate.

To be sure, the votes on individual paragraphs seem to show that the tariff makers are in control, but it will not do to count too positively on such indications. Senator White, of California, who voted for the exorbitant tax of 5 cents a pound on boracic acid on the ground that as long as the plunder was going round he wanted his State to have its share, will doubtless vote against the tariff as a whole. There may be others who will act on the same principle. The paragraphs subsidizing particular localities may

be expected to secure the support of the Senators from those regions, but one paragraph does not make a bill, and the fact that a Senator votes for one thing that he wants does not commit him to voting for a thousand that he does not want.

EUROPE'S LATEST CRIME.

If the information that has been allowed to leak out regarding the nature of the joint note presented to Turkey by the powers can be trusted, Europe is entering upon a new infamy, and one that is notable as beginning the reversal of a policy that has been consistently pursued for a century and a half. It is said that the powers have notified the Sultan that they recognize his right not only to an indemnity from Greece, but to a "rectification of the frontier," which is the decorous diplomatic expression for an annexation of territory.

To appreciate the significance of this concession we must remember that ever since Turkey ceased to be a conquering power the changes in its boundaries have always been in the direction of contraction. The jealousies of the Christian nations of Europe have delayed its steady progress toward extinction; there have been many exasperating and inexcusable halts, but there has been no step backward. No ground once gained for civilization has been lost. And that fact has served to sustain the patience of people who believe that the immediate and complete abolition of Turkish rule everywhere would be the highest service that the irresistible military strength of Europe could render to human happiness. Ever since the outbreak of the present troubles in Greece it has been assumed that this policy is to remain unchanged. The English journals that support the Salisbury policy have repeatedly said that Europe would not permit the restoration of the Sultan's rule over a foot of land that had once escaped from it.

And now, for the first time since the days of the fighting Sultans that terrorized Europe, the Turkish boundaries are to be advanced—not, as before, because Turkey is too strong to be resisted, but because Europe is too selfish and cold-hearted to interfere with her. The frontier of Greece is to be "rectified." That implies that the present line is wrong. If so Europe is to blame, for it was Europe that drew the present boundary, after first drawing one still more favorable to Greece, which it had not the self-respect to make Turkey accept.

But if the Turkish Empire is to become again a growing power, and no longer to be regarded as in process of liquidation, why should not Europe take it at once. Armenian massacres and all, into full fellowship? Turkey is qualified in a military sense to rank as a great power, and the Sultan is quite as respectable morally as the rulers that take his bloody hand and promote his devilish schemes. His accession to the European concert would elevate that detestable combination by freeing it from the vice of hypocrisy.

THE STREET CLEANERS ON PARADE.

The parade of Colonel Waring's White Company yesterday called to the attention of New Yorkers the one undoubted success of the present city government. Last year's review of the street cleaning force elicited some thoughtless ridicule, but the display was so impressive that when the people had time to think it over and consider what it really meant amusement gave way to admiration. They saw vigor and self-respect infused into a whole slouching department, neatness substituted for slovenliness, military discipline for disorder, and as a result dirty streets transformed into clean ones. These displays promote a feeling of esprit des corps in the service. The street cleaners are coming to believe, and rightly, that their work is as honorable as that of the police, and they take pride in belonging to a force which once had no attractions except its wages.

All these results Colonel Waring has accomplished by the simple process of trying to do his duty, and nothing else. His theory is that he was appointed to keep the streets clean, and not to furnish a certain number of jobs for the members of each organization that worked for the election of Mayor Strong; he is not always watching to see what effect his actions will have upon his own popularity, and he never tries to put anybody else in a hole. He just goes ahead and cleans the streets, looking after the welfare of his men as he does it, and he leaves his work to speak for itself. It is creditable to the acuteness of the public that it has unerringly detected this real reform among all the sham reforms of the Strong administration, and has taken Waring and the white duck warriors to its heart.

GERRY, THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

If it were considered desirable to increase the juvenile population of New York, an effective way might be to distribute among the inhabitants of less favored cities an account of the refusal by the Gerry Society to permit children from nine to fourteen years old to take part in the graduating exercises of a conservatory of music on the East Side. "What a paradise for children New York must be," the envious outsiders would say. "Plainly, there are no destitute little ones there; none that toil in sweat shops and factories; none that are growing up in ignorance and vice; none that suffer under the cruelty of drunken parents. When a society organized to prevent the abuse of children finds a sufficient outlet for its philanthropic activity in keeping a girl from playing a fantasia of Mozart on the piano at the graduating exercises of a musical school, the general conditions of life for the young must be ideal. Let us lose no time in taking our children to New York."

New Yorkers who know the actual conditions of life here will not regard this action of the Gerry Society with such unmixt enthusiasm. In fact, some of them may go so far as to say that the busy Commodore is a meddlesome ass. What with Raines laws and a reformed police force that regards every woman who ventures away from her own door after dark as a person of bad character, the adult population of this city is already regulated within an inch of its life. The Gerry Society seems resolved to leave not even that inch to the children.

Florida is going to send ex-Senator Call to Washington as a claim agent, if he is not more successful with Florida's claims than he was with his own during the recent Senatorial contest he will prove a bad investment for the alligator State.

If, as Mr. Cleveland's friends insist, that gentleman is without third term aspirations, they can well afford to allow Colonel Watterston's suggestions on the subject to pass without all this bitter denunciation.

While the Republican newspapers are expatiating on the declaration of Senator Jones that he will take no part in the Greater New York campaign they might try to get a like declaration from those other non-resident statesmen—Senator Platt, of Tioga; Governor Black, of Albany, and Lou Payn, of Chatham.

That Bridgeport burglar who chatted so pleasantly with the young woman who was tied to a bedpost while he made an inventory of her belongings was totally devoid of novel romance. A proposal of marriage under the circumstances would have advanced the record wonderfully.

That Kentucky minister who did the praying for the Legislature is to receive no pay for his services. When the action of the Kentucky Legislature is taken into consideration it would seem that this is one instance where Governor Bradley exercised his veto power wisely.

Into the Jumps Rode the "400."

WHEN Mrs. William C. Whitney led the way into the paddock at Morris Park yesterday afternoon, just before the last race, the chappies and chappiesettes of the hunting set followed in gay procession.

Since racing was first started in America there was never before such an invasion of the stable boy's kingdom by fashionable folk. They simply swarmed up, until the bill from the clubhouse gate, the flare of the swish of silken petticoats, the clatter of effervescent millinery and the chatter of many tongues caused even the poor old steeplechase jacks to prick up their ears in pleasurable surprise.

Mrs. Whitney looked superb. Her complexion was as fresh as a full-blown rose, her eyes sparkled with the joy of living, and her step was buoyant with health and animal spirits.

It is not surprising that Mr. Whitney watched her with unconcealed pride as she greeted the gentlemen jockeys and criticized the horses that represented the glorious results of steeplechasing in America. With Mr. and Mrs. Whitney were Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Smith, who had come up from Westbury with them, and who are not yet so far away from their wedding day as not to be in full sympathy with the appreciative side glances of their host and hostess.

Indeed it was easier to choose the winner of the Brooklyn Handicap than to say which was the happier looking husband, Bill Whitney or Sid Smith.

As for Mrs. Smith, she knows and loves a horse too well not to have been pleased under the circumstances.

Others conspicuous in the procession were Mr. and Mrs. Ollie Iselin, the former explaining the game of racing to his little son, while Mrs. Iselin entertained John Sanford; Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Stevens, who are constant in attendance at Morris Park; Braxton Ives, talking to a group of pretty girls; Tommy Hitchcock, hobbling about on his crutches to see the condition of his jumper, Royal Scarlet, and to whisper instructions to his brother-in-law, George Eustis, who is to ride; Craik Wadsworth, who knows a bit about cross-country riding himself; Auntie Belmont, placed as the bright May day after inspecting the silver claret of himself on the lawn; Rob Beard, who has taken to racing again just because he heard that he had promised his father-in-law to give it up; Dickie Wilson, P. S. P. Randolph, Appleton Smith, Arthur White, Jack Follansbee, W. O. B. McDonough, Willie Laimbeer, the Thompson boys, Hennen Morris and the whole racing push, from top to bottom.

I have never seen such a crowd in the paddock before, and all bowed before Mrs. Whitney as before a queen.

Even Foxie Keene made obeisance; Foxie fresh from England, with much to say about how they do it on the other side and a decided English accent to give additional weight to his words of wisdom.

Foxie was exceedingly sorry, don't he know, that his papa Jim hadn't entered something in the jumping race, so that he could have had a leg up, and seemed to be quite put out over it.

Perhaps Papa Jim may enter Voter in the jumping race on Saturday to soothe Foxie's feelings.

However that may be, there is no question at all that it was too bad that the crack gentleman jockey of America had to stay on the ground for the lack of a mount.

Now, all this convocation of beauty and wealth and gallantry was brought about by the meeting of three jumpers, two of which were such sorry animals that they fell down and nearly killed their riders.

Of the three chappies that represented the aristocracy of racing only one got over the course safely.

That was George Eustis, whose experience in England, Ireland and France, as well as in this country, stood him well in hand, but was not of nearly so much consequence as the good horse under him.

The other two, deaf Billy Hayes, of the Meadow Brook Hunt, and Mr. Leffer, imported from Craig Wadsworth's Genesee Hunt, rode well enough and might have escaped injury if they had been up on anything but a pair of uneducated goats, one of which belonged to Harry Payne Whitney and the other to J. W. Cole.

Poor old Leffer went down twice. The first time he pluckily remounted, but the next time the ambulance had to come for him.

Billy Hayes managed to walk back to the club house, but he was as white as a ghost, and didn't know whether he had broken his wrist or collar bone, or both.

Just how badly Leffer is hurt no one knew when we left the racetrack, but he will be lucky if he escapes with his life.

Such alleged steeplechasing as this is not only farcical, but cruel. As compared to it, prize-fighting is less dangerous and more decent. For the sake of horses, jockeys, and spectators it should be done away with.

If it is not done away with we may come in time, perhaps in a very little time, to regard such exhibitions as the Roman populace was wont to look upon the bloody games of the arena.

As Hayes and Leffer lay on the turf yesterday afternoon, the former unable to move and the latter unconscious and with the blood gushing from his nose and mouth, two stable boys, one white and one black, caught the worthless animals that had caused the trouble and rode them home amidst the laughter, the jeers and the mockery of the multitude.

Then the vast majority of the spectators made a rush for the homebound train without a thought or an inquiry as to whether Hayes and Leffer were dead or not.

The winners were satisfied that George Eustis had cleared all the obstacles safely and the losers lost all further interest with the knowledge that their money was gone.

It is to the credit of the clubhouse contingent, however, that it waited to learn whether or not the two unfortunate gentlemen jockeys were dead.

Sidney Smith, Craik Wadsworth, "Little Billie" Thompson, Harry Blackhead, and two or three others even went to the scene of disaster and helped to bring in the wounded and disabled.

Then Mrs. Whitney and Mrs. Smith volunteered to do all they could for Billy Hayes, but poor Leffer had to be left to the more skillful hands of the Hahnemann Hospital surgeons.

Again let me say that the sooner the Jockey Club does away with such travesty of sport as this steeplechasing is the better will it be for racing from every conceivable point of view.

CHOLY KNICKERBOCKER.

Wolcott Has Been Over.

In regard to the biometric commission, Adlai will find that Eddie Wolcott can show him some great sights in Paris.

City Ownership and Control of Quasi-Public Works.

Prominent Citizens Give the Journal Their Views on the Interesting Subject.

SUGGESTS AN INVESTIGATION.

To the Editor:

There is no city in the world where the local franchises are as valuable or could be made so productive as those of this city. I have an idea that if they all had been reserved and used to the best advantage for revenue an amount could have been derived from them sufficient to pay all the current expenses of the city without resorting to taxation. These immensely valuable privileges and franchises, as a rule, were taken from the city without compensation and by corrupt influences.

Jacob Sharp obtained from the Board of Aldermen his original grant for the Broadway Railroad in 1856, and after thirty years of hard work in perfecting his charter it was wrested from him by a company with which he had refused to divide, and he died under indictment for bribery, but no effort has been made to readjust the grant.

Thirty years ago, when Commodore Vanderbilt controlled the Harlem Railroad, the Board of Aldermen, under the direction of Frank Boole, Terence Farley and Harry Genet, discovered that the surface road on Fourth avenue and the Boverly extended only by a permission given by the Board. They and their friends who were in the secret sold the stock short one day and resold the franchise the same evening, expecting a large fall in the price of the stock, but they were disappointed. The Commodore carried too many guns for them, and advanced the price of the stock from 70 to 170.

As to the future, the rulers of Greater New York should grant no new franchises after the old fashion, and a council of experts should be appointed to carefully investigate the methods employed in the various franchises and leases heretofore given for markets, docks, ferries, railroads, gas, heating and electrical privileges, and to critically examine the text of the various legal instruments which have been executed, with a view to recovering as far as practicable the property of the city.

Comptroller Fitch is not only a vigilant official, but an acute lawyer, and he can render the public no better service than to devote himself to such an investigation.

SMITH ELIX.

Ex-Mayor of New York and Present Park Commissioner.

UNADVISABLE TO TAKE SUCH GREAT RESPONSIBILITY.

To the Editor:

If a railroad could be operated by a municipality, independent of political interference, and could be more carefully operated than either by private corporations or individuals, it might be a good source of revenue and benefit to the general public and our citizens. I am apprehensive that our "hayed" friends might take it upon themselves to run the railroads in the interest of their constituents and not in the interest of the citizens of New York, or for the public welfare. If the Greater New York were made an independent State, I would feel more disposed toward advocating the ownership of the railways in the city of New York than I am under the existing state of affairs.

If the railroads were not operated most carefully and manned with proper and capable employees, the municipality might be mulcted in very large damages, far in excess of anything that the railroad companies are compelled to pay at the present time. This is a very serious matter, and unless the railroads under municipal ownership could be conducted more carefully than they now are, it seems to me it would not be advisable for the city to take upon itself so great and serious a responsibility. If this and other obstacles could be overcome I should favor such ownership and operation, but under existing circumstances, although I believe the title to such franchises should clearly belong to the city—as a principle—I am inclined to deem it safest to operate them under a system of leasing them, for as short terms as may be practicable and to the highest bidder. The leases could be made to contain all necessary provisions for protection of the people in all their rights and privileges, and the condition could be imposed that if the company securing the lease did not operate the road so as to accommodate the public as they should, the city would have the power to appropriate the lease and resume possession. That power would be such a lever in the hands of the municipal authorities as would be likely to keep the service of the roads up to a high degree of efficiency and safety. Upon the basis of such information as I now possess I am of the opinion that private corporations can manage such large enterprises much more economically than would be practicable for a municipality. On that subject, however, I am open to conviction.

Municipal ownership of water works, gas plants, ferries, bridges, docks, etc., and their operation under municipal control, is a different matter—the difference being specific and variable in degree for each individual class of franchises—from the ownership and operation of street railroads. In none of them is the element of danger of accident so great a factor as in the street railroad service. Then, too, their management is comparatively simple, easily got at and controlled. I see no difficulty in the way of the city managing them, and I would be glad to see the city own and operate its own gas plant.

JOHN JEROME.

President New York Board of Aldermen.

NOT TO BE REACHED BY A SINGLE LEAP.

To the Editor:

I favor the municipal ownership of public franchises, i. e., I believe that the title of such franchises should be vested absolutely in the city. I am not in favor of the public operation of those franchises at the present time, my reason for deeming it unadvisable being that I fear the current conditions of municipal politics are not such as would guarantee an entirely public spirited administration of the trust. I should not be surprised if, a few years hence, the principle of public operation, as well as public ownership, prevailed, and I have no objection to such an end-upon principle. I do feel, however, that it is much wiser to move to such an end—if it must come—a step at a time, instead of reaching it by a single leap. My views as to the method of dealing with this matter are fully expressed in the platform of the Citizens' Union, which provides for leases, with a renewal option.

ELGIN R. L. GOULD.

NOT A "STAND AND DELIVER" MATTER.

To the Editor:

I believe these great franchises, which concern the people, should be operated for the benefit of the people. That means transportation of all kinds—surface, elevated, ferries—the whole thing. I do not believe the city or Government should step in and take to those now operating these franchises at once. "Stand and deliver!" We want these things! But it is possible to get a system of indemnification, and, of course, the right thing should be done.

W. H. TOLMAN.

General Agent of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor.

DOES NOT FAVOR CITY OWNERSHIP.

To the Editor:

I do not think that it would be conducive to the interests of the public to have the municipal government itself owning franchises of either railroads or gas works. Under private ownership they can be conducted much more economically, and they are able to give better service at less price.

HUGH J. GRANE.

Ex-Mayor of New York.

The Jesters' Chorus.

"Yes," he said, "I'm a self-made man."

"I take it for granted," returned the smart young man, looking the old fellow over critically, "that if you had it to do over again you'd let the contract out."

The young man had no expectations in that quarter anyway, so the remark had no effect upon his future—Chicago Post.

Van Braam—Lord Salisbury again has made the announcement that the peace of Europe is insured.

Dinwiddie—Did he add that Greece is expected to pay the premium on the policy?—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Tommy—Paw, what does it mean when a man is "in the hands of his friends?"

Mr. Figg—Well, a barkeeper under arrest is a pretty fair sample.—Indianapolis Journal.

"I thought you said, Grumpy, that you would never allow your wife to ride a wheel?"

"So I did; but she happened to hear of it."—Detroit Free Press.

He—Have you ever run into any one?

She—Oh, no; but several persons have been rude enough to walk into me without even apologizing!—Chicago Record.

"Thou art fairer than the day!" he cried, with a poet's fervor.

The warm color suffused her cheek.

"Father than the 8-hour day," she asked, eagerly, for she had been taught to think that very fair, indeed, and to all parties concerned.—Detroit Journal.

"My erring brother," said the Salvation Army worker, "do you not know that it is just as great a sin to steal a pin as to steal a dollar?"

"Guess you got it about, right," said Billy the DH. "After this I ain't goin' to steal nothin' that ain't worth nothin'."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"I'm mighty glad my wife coaxed me into getting her a wheel," said the lean passenger.

"Makes her happy, eh?" said the fat passenger.

"She is so stuck on riding that she ain't going to clean house this year."—Indianapolis Journal.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Cumrox, thoughtfully, "what that nice, old-fashioned lady means by putting 'P. P. C.' on her card?"

"That means she is going away," replied her daughter.

"Oh, I see; and she wants us to know that she is going to travel in a Pullman palace car?"—Washington Star.

"I am laying up my treasures in heaven," he asserted.

"If you anticipate drawing upon them after death," she said, "I wouldn't waste time laying them up there."

It was her tone, and not her words, however, that told him that she intended to marry some one who had a few laid up on earth.—Chicago Post.

"There had been a little family jar, and she was sulking."

"You have no right to refuse me," she said. "When I promised to marry you I told you that I always wanted my own way, and you said that made no difference."

"Well, it doesn't, does it?" he retorted.

"You don't get it, do you?"

Thus it happened that she called him a mean thing.—Chicago Post.

"That Miss Wilkewitz, they say, is a remarkably bright girl."

"Didn't any one have to help her on her essay?"

"Yes, her father wrote that; but, just think, she made her gown herself."—Detroit Free Press.

"That novel of young Kendall's is no earthly good."

"Why do you say that?"

"I took it out on the porch yesterday and somebody stole it."

"I don't see how that proves its worthlessness."

"Don't you? Well, the thief brought it back."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wickwire—"Either Mudge is more humble than any other known man, or he is a liar."

Subbed—"Will you please explain?"

"He says he doesn't believe he would look well in knickerbockers."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Your doom is sealed," they sighed. "What shall we do?"

The beautiful culprit smiled bravely.

"Never mind," she answered. "I fancy it can be steamed open."—Detroit Journal.

Talk of the Literary Shop.

Stephen Crane's article, "The Open Boat," in the June Scribner's is interesting reading. It is simply a story of his actual experience in a shipwreck in Southern waters a few months ago, and although it is over-elaborated, after the fashion of those descriptions which abound in what some mollusks call "fine writing," nevertheless it is well worth reading, and that is very high praise indeed for a magazine article. The story occupies about a dozen pages of the magazine and is composed largely of this sort of thing:

"In the meantime the oiler and the correspondent rowed. And, also, they rowed. They sat together in the same seat and each rowed. Then the oiler took both oars; then the correspondent took both oars; then the oiler; then the correspondent; they rowed and they rowed."

In this paragraph Mr. Crane displays the skill of an experienced space annihilator, and we cannot help wondering what would happen to a paragraph of this kind if it were to fall under the eye of some God-fearing copy